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Otto Q. Binder

1-11-70

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A Fawcett Publication

NO. 99

AUGUST

# Captain Marvel

ADVENTURES

10¢

BIG 52 PAGES



*In this issue*  
**CAPTAIN  
MARVEL**  
*and*  
**THE RAIN**

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F N GOODRICH  
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HONOLULU O H

- 55#34 -

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# CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES

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Editor  
WENDEL GROWER

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified  
on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • WHITE COMICS • CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • ODDS AND ENDS  
THE MARVEL FAMILY • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • ROCKY LANE WESTERN  
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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines  
contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

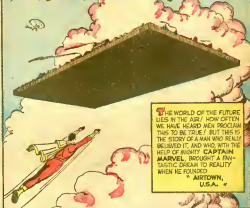
W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President



## CAPTAIN MARVEL IN AIRTOWN, U.S.A.

WENDEL BILLY BATSON,  
FAMOUS BOY NEWSCASTER,  
SAYS THE WORD "SHAZAM!" HE  
IS MIRACULOUSLY CHANGED  
INTO POWERFUL CAPTAIN  
MARVEL, THE WORLD'S  
MIGHTIEST MORTAL, WHO  
COMBINES IN HIS AUNTIFICENT  
PERSON THE POWERS OF  
SIX OF THE MIGHTIEST HEROES  
OF ALL TIME!

SHAZAM! WHOSE  
HEROES... SHAZAM!  
ZUK... SHAZAM!  
ZUK... FOUR  
ADVENTURES... COURAGE  
MURPHY... SHAZAM!



THE WORLD OF THE FUTURE  
LIES IN THE AIR! HOW OFTEN  
WE HAVE HEARD MEN PROCLAIM  
THIS TO BE TRUE! BUT THIS IS  
THE STORY OF A MAN WHO REALLY  
BELIEVED IT, AND WHO, WITH THE  
HELP OF MIGHTY CAPTAIN  
MARVEL, BROUGHT A FAN-  
TASTIC DREAM TO REALITY  
WHEN HE FOUNDED  
AIRTOWN,  
U.S.A.

JOHN  
STANDISH  
IS  
BUILT  
THE  
WORLD  
CALLS  
A  
VISIONARY!

GET OUT, STANDISH! DON'T  
BOTHER ME WITH YOUR CHOCOLAT  
SCENARIOS AGAIN! THIS BANK MUST  
BE IN BUSINESS TO  
HELP MICHIGANS!

HAI! HAI! HAI! YOU CAN'T BE  
SERIOUS ABOUT THESE PLANS, JOHN  
STANDISH! WHY, OUR FIRM IS THE  
MOST PROGRESSIVE IN THE  
BUSINESS—BUT WE'D NEVER  
TOUGH THIS!

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Otto Q. Binder

1-11-70





FINALLY EVERY PROBLEM IS MASTERED BY THE HEROIC EFFORTS OF CAPTAIN MARVEL!

IT SHOULD WORK NOW! BUT WILL AIRTOWN REALLY GO UP WHEN WE THROW THE SWITCH?

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT---AND THAT'S BY TRYING IT! HERE GOES!

HOORAY! WE DID IT! WE'RE FLYING!

AIRTOWN IS A SUCCESS! AND I OWE IT ALL TO YOU, CAPTAIN MARVEL!

YOU'RE FORGETTING AN IMPORTANT FACTOR! AIRTOWN NOW NEEDS PEOPLE TO LIVE IN IT!

BUT THE PIONEER SPIRIT ISN'T DEAD IN AMERICA! WAIT AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE NEWS GETS AROUND!

BILLY BATSON CAN HANDLE THIS PART OF THE JOB BETTER THAN I CAN! IT'S TIME FOR HIS BROADCAST ANYWAY! SHAZAM!

**BOOM!**

FOLKS, I WANT TO TELL YOU TODAY ABOUT AN ASTOUNDING ACHIEVEMENT! LOOK OUT OF YOUR WINDOWS! UP IN THE SKY YOU'LL SEE WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!





AMAZING, ISN'T IT, FOLKS? BUT IT'S NOT AN OPTICAL ILLUSION! THAT'S A REAL TOWN FLYING UP THERE! AND IT'S READY AND WAITING FOR PEOPLE TO MOVE IN!

AND SOON, AFTER BILLY'S BROADCAST IS OVER...

THE RUSH IS STARTING! PEOPLE ARE FIGHTING FOR THE CHANCE TO MOVE TO AIRTOWN! HORACE GREELEY ONCE SAID, "GO WEST, YOUNG MAN, GO WEST!" TODAY THE SLOGAN IS-- "GO UP!"



IN THE FOLLOWING WEEKS, MORE AND MORE IMMIGRANTS ARE WELCOMED TO AIRTOWN!

WELCOME! THERE'S A PLACE HERE FOR EVERYONE WHO WANTS TO WORK!

WHA! THIS PLACE LOOKS LIKE A FLYING BARBERSHOP TO ME!



BUT WHY COMPLAIN? THERE'S A FORTUNE TO BE MADE HERE BY A REALLY SMART OPERATOR! AND THAT MEANS ME--HARRY THREPP--IN PERSON! THESE YOKELS ARE RIFE FOR THE PLUCKING!



SOME TIME LATER...

I JUST FLEW UP TO SEE HOW YOU'RE COMING ALONG, STANDISH!

I'M GLAD YOU DID! THINGS COULDN'T BE BETTER!



OF COURSE, WE'VE HAD OUR PROBLEMS! BUT SO FAR, WE'VE MANAGED TO STRAIGHTEN THEM OUT!

MR. STANDISH! MY LITTLE BOY HAS DISAPPEARED!



I'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE FOR HIM! I-IM AFRAID HE MAY HAVE FALLEN OVER THE EDGE OF AIRTOWN!

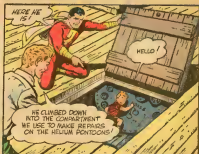
HOLY MOLEY!



THIS IS SERIOUS!

WE BUILT A BARRIER WALL AT THE EDGE AND HAVE KEPT UNCRIM OFF IT, BUT IF THIS CHILD HAS GONE OVER IT, IT'LL MEAN THE END OF AIRTOWN!









IN THE FOLLOWING DAYS A SERIES OF ROBBING SCHEMES ENDANGERS THE FUTURE OF AIRTOWN!

MY LIFE'S WORK IS RUINED! ALL BECAUSE OF A FEW ELUSIVE RAIDERS!

I CAN'T SEE HOW THEY LAND WITHOUT BEING OBSERVED---OR HOW THEY GET AWAY SO FAST THAT NO ONE SEES THEM! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO HANDLE THEM! WE'LL MAKE THEM STRIKE AT A TARGET OF OUR CHOOSING! AND WE'LL BE WAITING FOR THEM WHEN THEY ARRIVE!

THE NEXT DAY THIS NEWS ITEM IS CARRIED IN ALL PAPERS.



THE SAME NIGHT...

I'LL GO UP TO MY ROOM NOW, CAPTAIN MARVEL! IF THE RAIDERS SHOW UP, I'LL FIRE ONE SHOT FROM MY FLARE GUN!

MEANWHILE, I'LL CIRCLE THE TOWN AND TRY TO INTERCEPT THEIR LANDING!



CAPTAIN MARVEL'S SCHEME HAS GOT TO WORK! IT'S OUR LAST CHANCE! IF THE RAIDERS CAN'T BE STOPPED, NO ONE WILL LIVE IN AIRTOWN!



WHA?

SURPRISED TO SEE US, STANDISH? WE HAVE OUR OWN METHODS OF COMING AND GOING! WE WANT THAT GOLD IN YOUR VAULT!



THERE ISN'T ANY GOLD! IT'S ONLY A TRAP FOR YOU!

A TRICK, EH? GRAB HIM! DON'T LET HIM FIRE THAT GUN!



HELP!

DON'T TRY TO CALL FOR HELP, EITHER! IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD! YOU'RE COMING WITH US!



AND WHEN CAPTAIN MARVEL RETURNS...

HOLY MOLLY! STANDISH IS GONE! AND WHAT'S THAT NOISE?





**Stan MUSIAL**

**1948  
BIG  
LEAGUE  
BATTING  
CHAMPION**

**WHEATIES**  
Breakfast of Champions

**"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"**  
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

I COULDN'T EVEN GET HIM OUT WITH THIS!

OPPOSING PITCHERS SAY "CAN'T BE FOOLED—HITS EVERYTHING!" MUSIAL'S SIZZLING .376 AVERAGE WAS HIGHEST IN NATIONAL LEAGUE SINCE 1935.

MUSIAL JUST BATTED ANOTHER PITCHER OUT OF THE BOX!

YEAH, STAN EATS WHEATIES

MUSIAL PROVED BIGGEST HEADACHE TO PITCHERS WITH RUNNERS ON BASE. POWERA, PA "DYNAMITER," DROVE IN 131 RUNS LAST SEASON WITH 230 HITS.

HEY, YA DROPPED ONE!

THAT'S OKAY—I STILL GOT MY WHEATIES!

SLUGGING ST LOUIS CARDINALS OUTFIELDER WON EVERY NATIONAL LEAGUE BATTING HONOR EXCEPT HOME RUNS! (HIS 39 ROUND-TRIPPERS PLACED HIM SECOND.)

YUP—WE'VE GOT A DOUBLEHEADER TODAY!

FOUR BOWLS OF WHEATIES?

"JUST ABOUT EVERY MORNING YOU'LL FIND ME POLISHING OFF A COUPLE BOWLFULS OF WHEATIES, WITH MILK AND FRUIT," SAYS CHAMP MUSIAL. "IT'S MY FAVORITE TRAINING DISH—THE YEAR AROUND."

# DOPEY DANNY DEE

SPECIAL DELIVERY (PIOT!)



BECAUSE THOSE ARE LETTER BOXES AND I WANTED TO MAIL A POST CARD!



# KIDS! GET YOUR NEW WALT DISNEY "JOINIES" "CHARACTER"

MAKE 'EM DANCE 'N' ACT FUNNY FOR YOU!

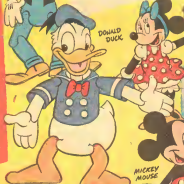
Open a box of Kellogg's Raisin Bran and find your "Joinie." It's in full color, ready to punch out. You "fit" together the head, body, arms and legs, then make it "act" for you! "Joinies" have movable heads, arms and legs. Measure 4 to 5 inches. Six favorite Walt Disney characters. Collect all 6!



GOOFY

BUNNY  
BUNNY

PLUTO

MINNIE  
MOUSEDONALD  
DUCKMICKEY  
MOUSE

KIDS! THIS IS IT!

Mother will be happy to give you Kellogg's Raisin Bran 'cause there's 100% whole grain nourishment in the crisp, bran flakes—extra minerals as the juicy raisins! Get this sweet fruit 'n' cereal combination today and a Disney "Joinie." See, Harry?

## NO WAITING!

ONE IN EVERY PACKAGE OF

ALSO IN KELLOGG'S 40% BRAN FLAKES

See Walt Disney's new full-length feature "To Be or Not to Be."



# Captain MARVEL

## STARS IN TELEVISION

NEXT ON OUR PARADE  
OF TELEVISION STARS  
IS THE TALENTED, LOVELY,  
ENCHANTINGLY BEAUTIFUL  
YOUNG SINGING STAR  
KNOWN TO EVERYONE...

HEE, HEE!  
I'M OOGLY  
SCHMOOGLE!

**WHIZ**  
presents  
**STARS  
ON  
PARADE**

CAPTAIN MARVEL, N.C.

**WHIZ**  
TELEVISION

**HENRY T. SCHMOOGLE IS A SELF MADE MAN!**

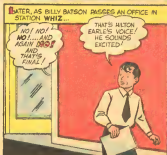
BAH!  
ANOTHER  
SO-CALLED  
FUNNY  
PICTURE  
OF ME!

**SCHMOOGLE HOMES ARE  
CHEAPER!**

MODEL  
A HOME THAT YOU CAN OWN YOUR OWN

OBVIOUSLY THE WORK  
OF SOME PRACTICAL JOKER  
WHO BOUGHT ONE OF MY  
HOMES! IT'S THE SIXTEENTH  
PICTURE LIKE THIS I'VE FOUND  
SO FAR TODAY!

SCHMO  
YOU





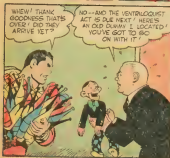
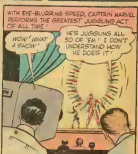


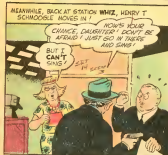
SO HILTON EARLE WON'T STAR MY DAUGHTER ON HIS TELEVISION SHOW! WELL, SHE'S GOING TO APPEAR, ANYWAY! EVEN IF HILTON EARLE AND THE REST OF THE ACTS NEVER SHOW UP! IT WON'T BE HARD TO STOP THEM! THEY COMUTE FROM A THEATER TO STATION WHIZ FOR THE PERFORMANCE!



LATER, AS THE CHARTERED BUS CARRYING THE HILTON EARLE PERFORMERS GOES DOWN A LONELY ROAD











# Captured in the Crusades

A DREAMLAND  
DRAMA  
FEATURING  
"RED" WALKER



"RED" WAS JUST DROPPED OFF TO SLEEP AFTER READING A WAR-RISING STORY OF THE CRUSADES.



\*BALL-BAND'S ARCH-GARD GIVES ME SUPPORT IN THREE VITAL PLACES.

ONLY BALL-BAND HAS THE EXCLUSIVE ARCH-GARD

ARCH-GARD GIVES THE LONG ARCH NEEDED SUPPORT FOR MORE COMFORT AND GREATER PROTECTION.

ARCH-GARD CUSHIONS THE HEEL AND EASES PLANNING BACK

ARCH-GARD CUSHIONS THE HINDFOOT, ARCH TO HELP PREVENT TIRING OF FOOT MUSCLES.



YIFE, WHAT A KNIGHT WARR! SURE LOOKS GOOD TO SEE MY BALL-BANDS SAFE UNDER THE BED!

LOOK FOR THE RED BALL-BAND OF THE BEST BUY IN CANVAS SHOES - IN THE STORE AND ON THE SOLE OF THE SHOE.

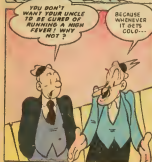


Ball  Band

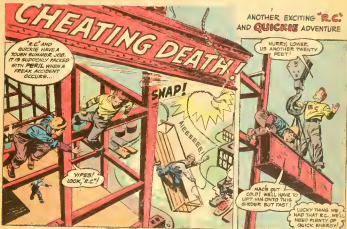
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. DES. 1914-1915

# TIGHTWAD TAD

HAS A COAL HEART!

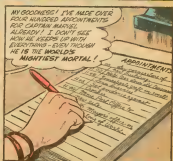
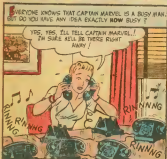


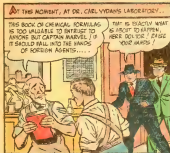
ANOTHER EXCITING "R.C."  
AND **QUICK** ADVENTURE



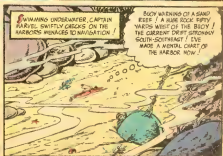
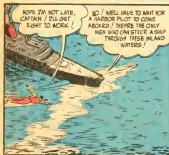
# Captain MARVEL'S

## ABSENT-MINDEDNESS













NO! NO! NO! / I WAS JUST ON THE POINT OF REMEMBERING WHAT IT WAS WHEN THE HORROR STROKE! NOW IT'S GONE OUT OF MY HEAD COMPLETELY!



STAY HERE AT THE ENTRANCE, CAPTAIN MARVEL! I'M CERTAIN THE UNDERWORLD WILL MAKE A DESPERATE EFFORT TO KEEP ITS VOW ABOUT ASSASSINATING THE NEW POLICE CHIEF! IT'S UP TO YOU TO PREVENT THEM!

I'LL DO MY BEST, SIR!



AS THE FIRST OF TWO THOUSAND GUESTS BEGAN TO ARRIVE FOR THE CEREMONIES...

AA-AH! GUNMAN AMBUSH! I'VE GOT YOU! WHAT? THIS IS AN OUTRAGE, SIR!



THE GAMES UP, MAGUIRE! I'D KNOW YOU ANYWHERE! YOU WERE ARRESTED ON SUSPICION OF MURDER TWENTY-THREE YEARS AGO AND YOUR PHOTOGRAPH APPEARED IN THE ROGUES GALLERY AT GOBHAM PRISON!



U.P! THE MAN IS A WALKING ARSONAL! THERE'S NO DOUBT HE'S THE ASSASSIN WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR, CHIEF!

YOU SAVED MY LIFE, CAPTAIN MARVEL! ONLY YOU COULD HAVE REMEMBERED A WOULD-BE MURDERER'S FACE OUT OF THE THOUSANDS OF SIMILAR PHOTOGRAPHS YOU'VE SEEN!



PARDON ME, CHIEF! I JUST HAPPENED TO REMEMBER THAT MAGUIRE WAS ALSO ARRESTED IN TOPEKA FOR ASSAULT WITH A KNIFE!

CURSES! I MISSED THE POLICE CHIEF AND THE KNIFE JUST CRUMBLING INTO BITS WHEN IT MET CAPTAIN MARVEL!



WE WON'T TRY ANY MORE TRICKS!

BAM!

UGHNNNNH!



NEAR THE END OF A LONG AND WEARY TRY, CAPTAIN MARVEL IS AT LAST READY TO ADMIT DEFEAT!

I CAN'T RECALL WHAT THAT STRING IS FOR! IT'S NO USE! I MIGHT AS WELL CONFESS THAT I'M ARGENT-MINDED AND TRY TO GET HELP! I'LL DROP INTO THIS MEMORY SCHOOL! THEY SHOULD BE ABLE TO FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY MEMORY!

REMEMBER  
PROVED  
ARGENT  
SCHOOL

WELCOME! THE CLASS IS WAITING FOR YOU! THEY'VE BEEN WAITING IMPATIENT! AFTER ALL, IT ISN'T EVERY DAY MY STUDENTS CAN HEAR A LECTURE ON "HOW TO DEVELOP A GOOD MEMORY" BY THE FAMOUS CAPTAIN MARVEL!

EH?

OF COURSE WE BOTH KNOW THE REAL SECRET OF A GOOD MEMORY — THE ABILITY TO CONCENTRATE, EH, CAPTAIN MARVEL?

HOLY HOLY! NOW I REMEMBER! THAT STRING AROUND MY FINGER WAS TO REMIND ME OF THE LECTURE I HAD TO DELIVER HERE IN PROFESSOR ROOT'S SCHOOL!

... AND IN CONCLUSION, STUDENTS, NEVER WORRY ABOUT BEING ABSENT-MINDED! IF YOU DO SUFFER OCCASIONAL LITTLE LAPSSES OF MEMORY, IT'S USUALLY BECAUSE YOU'RE CONCENTRATING ON SOMETHING THAT'S MORE IMPORTANT! AND, BELIEVE ME, I SPEAK FROM EXPERIENCE!

YAY!



COMIX CARDS

appear every month in

*Captain Marvel*

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF

**LASH LARUE**

IN

**LOSH LARUE**

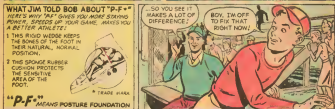
ONLY 10¢ AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND!

Get an extra big and good price on cardboard!



# CHAMP to CHUMP - AND BACK AGAIN

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" SPORTS STORY



## WANDERING WORLD

A JON JARL Adventure

By Eando Binder

**J**ON JARL DIDN'T BELIEVE his eyes at first. He was cruising toward Pluto, outermost planet of the solar system, on a routine mission for the Space Patrol. Beyond Pluto there was nothing, just empty space and remote stars.

But Jon Jarl had just seen another world out there!

And a quick computation showed it was moving into the solar system at great speed. A wandering world from space! Where had it come from? What strange mystery was this?

Radioing the sensational discovery to headquarters, Lieutenant Jarl was told to land on the new world immediately and investigate. As he drummed near he saw that it was a planet about half the size of Earth. Its surface seemed completely frozen over from its long journey through frigid outer space, unwarmed by any sun. Jon landed on a smooth sheet of iciness and stepped out in his space suit.

But the "ice" was not frozen water. It was frozen air—oxygen, nitrogen and carbon dioxide. And as the planet hurtled inward toward the sun, steamy vapors began to arise and liquid air rapidly began evaporating, forming an atmosphere. The change was almost magically fast, for only at extreme low temperatures of minus 200 degrees can air remain frozen.

By the time Jon had climbed a low hill to look around, the atmosphere had become dense enough for him to open his helmet visor and breathe it in, cold but satisfying. Compressed space suit air was always musty and flat.

At the top of the hill, Jon swung his eyes around. Had this world ever been inhabited? It seemed wild and barren in all directions. But Jon suddenly shaded his eyes and then broke into a run.

On the horizon he had seen—a city.

When Jon arrived, the last traces of frozen air were vanishing in the city streets. Jon was amazed by two things. One was that the city was remarkably similar to Earth cities. Second was that it was perfectly preserved and unharmed. Like extinct animals preserved in ice, the city had been preserved in a coating of frozen air, probably for ages.

But what about the people? There was not a sign of a body around. And then Jon saw a huge arrow which pointed down, with enigmatic writing on it. Jon guessed that the unknown message said to follow the arrow. Excited now, Jon went down winding stone stairs, down and down. Deep underground, beneath the city, he came to a massive metal door with a huge handle. Again an arrow pointed to this. Jon had to use all his strength, but he finally tugged the heavy door open. Inside, he gasped.

It was a gigantic stone vault, built to last for ages, and within lay row upon row of bodies. The people of the city! Were they dead or in suspended animation? Jon saw the answer as the warmer outside air filtered into the cold vault. One of the bodies stirred, moaned, and sat up. And soon, all the people woke from their strange sleep.

Jon switched on his telepathy translator, built into his helmet, and spoke to a tall man who stumbled forward with eager gratitude. The telepathy translator instantly sent his thought-words to the man in his own language. "Where did your world come from?" Jon asked. "And why did it drift through empty space?"

**THE MAN'S ANSWER** was a strange story. "Ages ago—how long we'll never know—our world had its own sun and our civilization flourished. But a terrible catastrophe visited us. Another sun struck ours and both of them hurtled off into space—leaving our world without a sun! We had a few months warning and were able to build these underground vaults under all our cities. I will send men to open the other vaults."

"Then as the cold of space hit you," Jon reasoned, "you all went into suspended animation."

"Yes," nodded the revived man. "It was our only hope. We knew that our sunless world would freeze utterly and drift through space for untold eons of time! But we hoped that someday—somehow—our world would again drift close to another sun. And so it has happened—thank the stars!"

0003

Jon was puzzled as they went to the city above. For now the wandering world was passing Pluto already. "You aren't just drifting—you're moving at terrific speed into our solar system. But then, our solar system has a speed of 20 miles a second toward the star Vega. I think instead of your drifting toward us, we caught up with you! But it amounts to the same thing."

Jon suddenly shot out his hand, smiling. "Welcome to the solar system! We have nine planets already, but there's always room for more!"

**WHEN HE REPORTED** to headquarters by radio, Jon was told to stay on the new world as Earth's representative, to give them any aid or information they needed. In the following days, Jon witnessed the unforgettable drama of a world resuming life after countless centuries of frozen sleep. The cities once again hummed with activity. Machines began working. People resumed their jobs and lives where they had been interrupted. It was like a world of Rip Van Winkle!

But a worried frown grew in Jon's face. The planet now passed the orbit of Neptune and still kept going at unabated speed. Jon spent long hours in astronomical calculations and when he came to the end, he groaned. "How can I tell them?" he muttered. "How can I blast all their hopes?"

But it had to be and Jon gave them the staggering news. "Your world is going too far through our solar system. You are still too far away from the sun for its gravitation to hold you. And that means—"

Jon couldn't go on.

His friend's face had turned pale. "It means," he whispered in a hollow dead tone, "that we will simply plunge on through your solar system into outer space again! For a few brief days or weeks, we will live and breathe and enjoy the warmth of a sun. And then—another eternity of the dark night of space."

Jon felt infinite pity. He went over his calculations again, but discovered no error. Like a high-speed bullet or bomb of world size, the wandering planet would go flashing through the solar system without pause.

"If only it would pass closer to the sun," Jon murmured. "Then the sun's gravity would grab it and hold it. But they'll miss the sun by too wide a margin, at their great speed, to be captured. And the only other body they will pass near is Jupiter..."

Jon sat up. "Wait! Jupiter, the largest planet, has a terrific gravitational pull. It might capture this small world as a moon!" But after checking, Jon kicked the wall. "No! It's going to miss Jupiter's pull, too. The irony of it is that just a million miles closer and Jupiter would grab it. If there were only some way of turning this planet ... just a fraction of a degree..."

A mad light came into Jon's eyes. "I'm going to do it!"

Was Lieutenant Jon Jarl setting himself an impossible task—to move a world?

But it was all there on paper. The wandering world was still 500 million miles from Jupiter. If it moved just a fraction of a degree off its present course, that tiny "error" would multiply into a million miles by the time it neared Jupiter. A million miles closer to the giant planet, and within range of its mighty pull!

It was 24 hours later that Jon Jarl came pushing the giant meteor with his rocket ship. In 24 hours, straining his motor to the limit, Jon had succeeded in building up the velocity of the meteor toward the new world. All else was ready. Jon had warned the people of the world-shaking thud to come, which might create damage in their cities. But it was the lesser of evils.

Jon gave one last push and then spun his ship away. The meteor kept going, straight to the uninhabited spot Jon had picked. It flamed down through the atmosphere and struck with an impact greater than that with which any meteor had ever struck Earth. And it was known that giant meteors had affected Earth's orbital motion to the slight but measurable degree of making eclipses of the moon a few thousandths of a second off.

The planet hurtled on, seemingly unaffected by the tiny jolt. But actually, it had veered slightly. And days later, it was a million miles closer to great Jupiter. Then, as though yanked short by an invisible rope, the wandering world spun into an ellipse, caught fast by Jupiter's enormous gravitation.

**FAIR OFF IN HIS SHIP**, observing, Jon Jarl relaxed. Before he fell back in a dead sleep, he grinned and muttered, "Jupiter has 12 other moons. So what does one more or less matter?"

THE END

*JON JARL will assault you with his exploits in the future in every issue of CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES!*

# CAPT. KID



*The  
Good  
Skate*



OKAY, BETTY  
MAE! LET'S JOIN  
THE GANG AT  
THE ROLLER  
SKATING  
RINK!

I'M NOT  
GOING, CAPT.  
KID!



NOT GOING?  
BUT WHY?

I SPENT SO MUCH MONEY  
ON THIS NEW SKATING  
OUTLET THAT I HAD NO  
MONEY LEFT WITH WHICH  
TO BUY ROLLER  
SKATES!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, BETTY  
MAE! I'LL GET YOU  
SOME SKATES!

ALL  
RIGHT,  
CAPTAIN  
KID!





QWY, TZVZVNS RHPY VEV! SZZGH QWY WQD VZKGRW NBYD  
 ZYVWHTN! RQW ZHRYV AL. IQD, Z HOIN-YANT ZMAREVHDS  
 RHPY KENNAW DROG Z GZKZARK ZVWZVARY VZVZVHPT  
 KZKZGRW NBYD, N. SZVMS, ZVW NREZNG FOR QWY TZVZVNS  
 NBYD 'LZ ZOO BRNN! QWOD BLV! UZVWVH/ QWOD BLV KZVWAGH  
 S-HV VHVZVYB QZ VZVYV N QZ RQW ZKZKZGRW NBYD  
 ZVWZVARYVH NQ. IQD!

(USE YOUR CODE FINGERS TO FIGURE THIS OUT.)





Dubble Bubble Gum is best  
for you and me and all the rest  
GET SOME TODAY!  
1¢ with Comics, Fortunes, Facts



# Captain MARVEL AND THE RAIN OF TERROR



MAYBE CAPTAIN MARVEL WOULD BE INTERESTED IN FINDING OUT!... SHAZAM!



MAGIC WORD...  
MAGIC LIGHTNING...

BOOM

... AND CAPTAIN MARVEL!

I'M GLAD BILLY CALLED ME! THERE MUST BE AN EXPLANATION FOR WHAT HAPPENED OUT IN DRY HILLS!



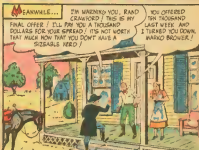
IT WON'T TAKE ME LONG TO GET THERE, PROVIDED I CAN FIND THE PLACE! I'D LIKE TO TALK TO THE MAN WHO OWNED THE RUSTLED CATTLE!



MEANWHILE...

I'M WARNING YOU, RAND CRAWFORD! THIS IS MY FINAL OFFER! I'LL PAY YOU A THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR YOUR SPREAD! IT'S NOT WORTH THAT MUCH NOW THAT YOU DON'T HAVE A SIZEABLE HERD!

YOU OFFERED TEN THOUSAND LAST WEEK AND I TURNED YOU DOWN, MARKO BROWER!



I THINK YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO MY HERD! IF YOU RUSTLED THEM, I'LL...

YOU'LL NEVER SEE THOSE CATTLE AGAIN! I'LL PROMISE YOU THAT! SO YOU'D BETTER ACCEPT MY OFFER!



YOU DO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM, BROWER! I CAN TELL FROM THE WAY YOU'RE TALKING! CONFESS!

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME!

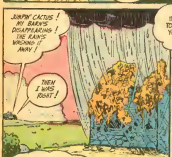


YOU DIRTY RUSTLER! I'LL KILL YOU!

THAT'S NO WAY TO SETTLE A QUARREL!







# CAPT. MARVEL

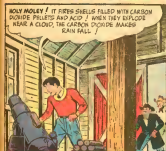




CAPTAIN MARVEL'S RIGHT! IT WOULD BE SILLY TO PUT MARKO BACKER ON HIS GUARD! AND THERE'S ALWAYS THE CHANCE THAT HE ISN'T GUILTY AT ALL!



WAIT! WHAT'S THIS CANNON DOING HERE?



HOLY MOLEY! IT FIRES SHELLS FILLED WITH CARBON DIOXIDE PELLETS AND ACID! WHEN THEY EXPLODE NEAR A CLOUD, THE CARBON DIOXIDE MAKES RAIN FALL!



IT'S THE SAME METHOD USED BY SCIENTISTS TO CREATE ARTIFICIAL RAIN! EXCEPT THAT THE ACID MIXTURE MAKES IT A DEADLY... *SWEE!*



WE HAD OUR SETUP FIGURED RIGHT, BOSS! IF A KID LIKE THAT KNOWS ABOUT IT, MAYBE SOME ONE ELSE DOES, TOO!

TALK! I'VE A PLAN THAT WILL GET RID OF HIM AND REMOVE SUSPICION FROM US AT THE SAME TIME!

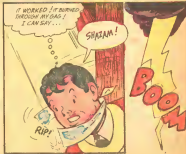


WHEN BILLY BATSON RECOVERS HIS CONSCIOUSNESS...

I'M GLAD YOU'RE AWAKE, KID! NOW YOU'LL GET EXACTLY HOW MY LITTLE RAINMAKER WORKS! I'M GOING TO FIRE A SHELL THAT WILL EXPLODE RIGHT OVER THIS BARN!



THERE IT GOES! WHEN THE RAIN STARTS FALLING, YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT GETTING WET! IN FACT, YOU WON'T WORRY ABOUT ANYTHING! HA, HA, HA!







OWENHILL, AS HAROLD BROWER SCRAMBLES FOR SAFETY...

JUMPING JEHOASAPHAT! CAPTAIN MARVEL DIDN'T STOP ALL THE SHELLS! IT'S STARTING TO RAIN! I'LL TAKE SHELTER IN THAT CAVE!

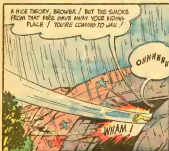


IT'S BEEN RAINING TWO HOURS ALREADY! BUT I'M SAFE AND WARM IN HERE! WHEN IT STOPS, I'LL HEAD FOR THE STATE BORDER AND ESCAPE!



A NICE THEORY, BROWER! BUT THE SMOKE FROM THAT FIRE DRIVES AWAY YOUR HIDING PLACE! YOU'RE COMING TO JAIL!

OHNNNN!



ULP! YOU'RE FLYING RIGHT THROUGH THE RAIN! WHY AREN'T WE BEING HIT?

BECAUSE THIS IS ONE RAIN YOU DIDN'T START, BROWER! IT'S NATURE'S HANDWORK! IT'S JUST OLD MAN WEATHER'S WAY OF SAYING THAT YOU'RE ALL WET!



COME ON, PALS! JOIN MY CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB TODAY!



CAPTAIN MARVEL  
Famous Film - Greenleaf, Conn.

Dear Captain Marvel:

Please send me as a member of the growing CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB. I enclose the fee and stamps to cover the cost of mailing this. I understand that I am to receive my CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB CARD which contains the secret code, and the CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVANTAGE EDITION along with other useful supplies.

Respectfully,  
Robert Anderson, 1234 Main Street, New York, N.Y. 10001

Enclosed is a check for \$1.00. Date: Feb. 1, 1966. Your club member card should be sent to me as soon as it is received. I will be sure to keep it safe.

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THE BULL RING

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SAM SPADE

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PRIVATE DETECTIVE SAM SPADE AND HIS SECRETARY EPPY TO MEET FOR A DAY AT THE BULL-FIGHTS...

LOOK AT MR. TOUGH!  
BUY WITH THE  
POCKET MIRROR!

COMB AND MIRROR WON'T  
HELP THAT HAIR! HE  
NEEDS WILDROOT CREAM-  
OIL HAIR TONIC!



BOY!  
WHAT  
TALKING!

MANUEL, CAN  
HANDLE EM  
GARDEN-HOAT!



SAM: THAT  
BLINDING  
FLASH!

—LIKE A  
MIRROR—  
MANUEL CAN'T  
SEE THE BULL!



SAM AND EPPY RUSH TO WHERE THEY HAVE  
CARRIED THE INJURED BULL FIGHTER...

HOLD IT, BOO!  
LOOK OFFICER—  
A MIRROR!

SO! SO! THAT'S  
WHAT BLINDED  
MANUEL!



THE COPS SAY HE'S  
WAS BECAUSE  
MANUEL STILL  
HIS IS...

YEAH... LET'S GO HOME  
WHERE BULLS BEAT  
COMPETITION WITH  
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL  
AND A FEW KIND WORDS

SAM SPADE ASKS:  
GAY MENUS BEAT PANTS THE  
WILDROOT TONIC?

TRY IT! SCRATCH YOUR HEAD.  
IF YOU FIND SIGNS OF DROWSINESS  
AND LOOSE, UGLY SANDRUFF!  
YOU NEED WILDROOT CREAM-  
OIL HAIR TONIC. NON-ALCOHOLIC  
CONTAINS SOOTHING LAMOLIN



EPPY SAYS:

SHIRT GIRLS USE WILDROOT  
CREAM-OIL FOR QUICK GROOMING  
AND FOR RELIEVING DRIVENESS  
BETWEEN PERMANENTLY ACTING  
FIND IT WONDERFUL FOR TRAINING  
CHILDREN'S HAIR

# Captain Tootsie TO THE RESCUE!

BY G. G. BICK

CAPTAIN TOOTSIE  
AND HIS FRIENDS  
ARE SPENDING A  
DAY AT THE BEACH.

ANY VOLUNTEERS TO HELP  
BRING DOWN THE BOAT OF THE  
THINGS FROM THE OCEAN? IT'S  
A LONG WALK!

I'LL GO  
WITH YOU,  
CAPTAIN  
TOOTSIE!

THAT BAG BOX LOOKS  
AWFULLY HEAVY, CAPTAIN  
TOOTSIE! WHAT'S  
IN IT?

OH... IT'S A VERY IMPORTANT PART OF  
THE PICNIC, BOLO! THERE'S A BIG  
TREAT IN IT— IN FACT,  
THERE SHOULD BE  
ENOUGH FOR EVERY-  
ONE AT THE BEACH!



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